

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION!" BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR COMMON COUNTRY.
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SELECT POETRY.

National Song.

BY ROBERT JOSELYN.
We sing the song of the free!
The song our fathers sung
When they first set foot on this land,
And the Union flag was flung.
And the stars and stripes were seen,
And the stars and stripes were seen,
As on the western gale,
Its story folds spread out,
We sing the song of the free!

From the Ohio Farmer.

THE SISTER'S RECOMPENSE.

BY NELLIE.

"Auntie I wish you would lay your commands upon Ned; he is the most obstinate fellow I ever saw. I have talked and talked, but he don't care for me, and in spite of all my prayers and tears, still persists in his determination to go to California. I have lost all influence with him. I really believe that he is losing his affection for me, and how could a sister do more than I have done?"

"Why Minnie! You seem very excitable this afternoon. I am sorry you have no more patience with Edward," said good Mrs. Henderson; laying aside her knitting as her niece knelt upon the carpet at her feet, and buried her tear-bedewed face in her ample check-apron, the usual retreat of the orphan girl in sorrow, and the old lady's plump hand moved caressingly over the fair hair of the weeper, as she spoke. "You know Edward has strong affection for you child—why do you talk so?"

"It is a queer way he has of showing it then, scolding at all my advice, and ridiculing my grief at the prospect of a separation; my tears for his moral welfare in that vortex of sin and temptation, and my nice little plans for him, if he remains with us."

"You are too sensitive Minnie dear," and the kind Aunt bent over the young girl with a fond look, as though she would shield that warm heart from the rough contact with life's ills. "Boys are less so than girls, always; their natures are sterner, and they are so constantly exposed to the chilling atmosphere of the world, that their hearts become clothed in a thicker mantle, if I may so express it, than ours. The heart is just as warm, but you may not so readily reach it, as he can yours, neither does he feel wounded by a thrust that would enter your soul with cruel keenness. Your own sensitive nature would gird itself up in the same manner, Minnie, and instead of the gentle, confiding being you now are, you would assume an air of indifference and coldness."

Were you exposed to the vicissitudes of Edward's station in life, and were he possessed of a woman's delicate sensibility, he would be poorly fitted for the trials he must necessarily encounter in his rugged pathway. It is just as it should be. Man is lifted for his sphere, and woman for her's; and we lose our respect for either, when they wander from their appointed place. Is it not so?"

"Yes—I know it; and I do not look for fondness from my brother. I know he would peril his life for me, were it necessary; but I do wish he had more regard for my feelings; I wish I could have some influence over him!"

"And you have a great deal of influence with your brother. He may not

wish to acknowledge it; but he is under your influence, much more than you think, Minnie; and I am happy to see that you are so wise and discreet in your gentle guidance."

Minnie wiped her eyes upon her aunt's apron, and drawing her tiny sewing chair close to the old arm chair of her aunt, seated herself, and resting her head upon the fond bosom, which had pillowed her head in childhood, she looked up imploringly, and said,

"Dear Auntie, advise me; what course shall I pursue toward my brother?"

"Be patient! Bear with his seeming unkindness—persevere in your gentle endeavors to dissuade him from his purpose, always choosing a proper time to speak to him; and whether you succeed or not, never despair. Hope, and pray as long as you live, and trust in God to guide your dear one, absent or present. Sister Minnie, I have a story to tell. Did you ever hear me speak of my brother Edward?"

"I knew that Ned was named after an uncle; but I supposed that he died years ago, as I never heard much about him."

"There were three of us—Henry, your father; Eddy; and we called him, and myself. Your father was a good deal older than I; and I remember with what tender care he led me, in my first toddling walks through the fields and woods, gathering buttercups and violets. It was he who helped me over the high fences and wet places, and carried me in his arms when I grew weary. It was he who climbed the tall trees in autumn, and whipped the laden branches, till they yielded their rich burden, in a rattling shower of nuts at my feet; or bounded with the agility of a squirrel out upon the boughs, where the wild grape-vine hung her festoons of purple clusters, and gathering them, dropped them into my little apron, much to my delight. It was Henry, who was called on in every emergency. Was a shoe lost off in the mud, he reclaimed it, all clean and dry, upon my feet; he drove away all the frightful looking cows, and silenced every impudent dog; he helped me do all my hard work, and found hidden places upon the map; he warmed my little cold fingers in his own warm hand, and wiped my tears, telling me such fascinating little fairy tales, that I forgot all my griefs. Dear kind brother Henry—though, in my girlish glee, I never thought to repay the gentle care—in after years, I have endeavored to shelter thy orphan babes, as tenderly as thou wouldst me!"

"And Oh! he is repaid a thousand times, I know!" said Minnie nestling closer to her aunt, and folding her arm around her neck.

"As time flew by, and I grew old enough to assist my mother in her household duties, and Henry spent most of his time in the field with father at work, I saw less of my dear brother, who now felt too weary, after the labors of the day, to devote much time to me; and it was only now and then that we spent a holiday together. No wonder, then, that I hailed with joy that happy event in a family—the birth of a sweet baby-boy—little brother Eddy! Oh, how tenderly I loved him, as I pressed his little downy cheek to my own, and fondled the soft, plump arms and tiny fingers—how rapturously I caught his first gleams of intelligence, and kissed his laughing mouth till his blue eyes dilated with baby wonder at my ecstatic joy! Oh, those happy, happy days! What a miracle was his first attempt at walking; and his first word, my name, was kissed off his bright lips, in a declaration of delight. He could not say Julia, and his imitation of it, Dooty, was my appellation for years after, in the family. Dear little Eddy, how I did love him; he was constantly by my side—night as well as day, his bright head shared my pillow with me, or nestled in my embrace to his slumbers. His gleeful shout awoke me in the morning; and to me he lisped his little prayers at night. I delighted in doing everything for him. His little speckled hose, his red mittens, his tiny garments, were all my handiwork—my hand guided the bright hair in its curling; yet vainly, for the saucy wind, or a little exercise, soon demolished all traces of brush and comb; and the rich autumn clusters revealed in their careless play, all over the restless head, around the pure brow, and down the white neck, and over the merry eyes, which peeped through like violets from their mossy bed. Eddy was a beautiful child; and as he grew to manhood, and left home for a distant school, his beauty became almost glorious to me. He used to spend his vacations at home; and then, with what pride I listened to his eloquent descriptions of scenery he had witnessed, while absent. To me he rehearsed his speeches and read his compositions, and to me only he recited little gems of poetry, never sullied by type and press. We were orphans, our mother having died in our childhood, and our father, having vainly tried to supply her place, by filling her vacant chair with a woman whose nature was ungenial to ours as is first to the flowers; and as we shrank from her chilling presence, we nestled closer together, and I tried to be a mother to my young brother. Often have I knelt upon dear mother's grave, and prayed that her mantle might fall on me—that

her spirit might breathe its gentleness, forbearance, and wisdom to direct, into my heart, that I might be a discreet counselor, and a faithful friend to darling Eddy. I labored faithfully, and felt rewarded by my brother's affectionate regard for my wishes. Still, as he grew older, I could see that he no longer depended upon my guidance, and sometimes ventured to act independent of my advice; and after a while, ceased to counsel with me almost entirely. I was deeply grieved, and thought that I no longer possessed an influence over him. Especially did I feel this, when he refused to listen to my entreaties, that he would finish his education, and graduate at College. I feared that as I was getting a taste for wandering, as I listened to his visionary dreams of sea life, and foreign lands; but was gratified to note a growing attachment between him and a lovely girl, the daughter of a quiet widow, who lived near us.

"Minnie, you have doubtless wondered that Lillie West chooses such a secluded life, and the title, *Old Maid*, when she is possessed of such personal charms, and seems so well fitted to mingle in society."

"Yes, Auntie, it was but yesterday, I told Ned that I'd warrant she had instilled her old-maidish notions into her pretty niece's head; and he bristled up, and said that Lillie West was none the worst for being an old maid; and that she was really a charming companion, and that she was more like a sister to Fanny than an aunt; and I was forced to acknowledge, that I never met a more entertaining person, than Miss Lillie, as she seemed to be."

"Sad—yes, she does wear an expression of sadness; and my heart aches for her, poor girl! Once her prospects were as bright as your own, Minnie; and the pure love of her innocent heart was lavished upon her first lover, as freely and as ardently as yours. Minnie blushed. "The happy object of that love was my darling brother. They were both young, too young to wed; but I fondly hoped that his affection for her would keep him always near me, for I knew that Lillie would never leave her mother. But the glowing descriptions, the flattering accounts of the glorious West, given by travelers, and published in all the journals, fired his restless heart with new dreamed wealth; and a desire for roving having long possessed him, he talked of nothing but speculations, government land, fire among the Indians; and adventure. About this time, I was married, and Edward lived with us. Your uncle was as kind as an own father could be to him, and I believe Edward loved him almost as well as he loved me. Scarcely a day passed, without a conversation with my brother, about leaving us, and butlerly did I lament my inability to influence him. I think I erred in speaking too frequently, at improper times, and injudiciously. He grew weary of my incessant harping upon the same old string, as he termed it, and in no very gentle tones, bade me say no more to him on the subject—that his mind was made up, and he should go. I had noticed with pain, that he was contracting some bad habits, and that he was quite sceptical. In vain I talked of our early religious education, and besought him to believe in his mother's God. He only entered into long arguments that I could not answer; and I could only pray for him, and trust that the hand which had rescued dear Henry and myself from the horrible pit and miry clay, would yet lead our brother into paths of pleasantness and peace."

"He left, and for a while, we heard from him occasionally, as a hunter, rejoicing in a wild life, among the children of the forest. But his letters gradually grew short, and infrequent, till at last they ceased entirely; and it was many years since we heard from him. A few months after his departure, your dear parents died; and in the love of their orphan children, I learned to be happy again. Edward was seven, and you five, when you came to live with us, since which time I have endeavored to be as a mother to you; and in your affection and dutiful behavior, I reap a rich reward for all my care. I know not what has become of my wandering brother; but I feel sure, that he never could forget his only darling sister. He may have broken away from my influence, but at times, memory has brought back his boyhood's days; and the instructions, the admonitions, the gentle reproofs, which I gave him, have had some weight with him, I feel assured. Nightly have I prayed for him; and I fully believe that my prayers have been or will be answered, and that Edward won't be absent, when our reunited family sits down to the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

"Mrs. Henderson ceased speaking; her voice, which had faltered, grew strong, and her eye beamed with the radiance of faith. Minnie was sobbing upon her bosom, and the rays of the setting sun fell through the window upon the matron and the maiden, gilding the silver threaded-locks of the one, and the bright curls of the other, and lighting up the humble apartment with a cheerful glow. A shadow darkened the path for a moment—there was a rustling in the vines above the hedged doorway, and a tall form entered the room.

"Do you not know me, sister?" said a rich, manly voice, as Mrs. Henderson arose to receive the stranger, and Minnie turned away, searching for her pocket handkerchief.

"Can it be—! Is it—!"

"Your long-lost brother Edward!" was the ejaculatory reply, as he caught his sister to his heart. "Your wayward brother came back to entreat your forgiveness for past follies, to thank you for your kind forbearance and patient teachings, and to strive to make some return for all your care of him."

"Oh God! my heart is full!"—my prayers are answered!—Edward!—dear Eddy! and the old lady carressed him fondly.

"Oh, Julia! it was you who saved me! Hardened as I seemed to be, I could not forget your loving counsels; they were ever present with me; and it seemed to me, when I was led into temptation, that I heard you praying for me as you used to, by my little bed in childhood. Do you remember the time when we went to mother's grave by moonlight, and you there counseled me, and we knelt together and you told me that perhaps her pure spirit was even then hovering around us? Oh! I have recalled that scene a thousand times, and it has preserved me from sin many a time. Dear sister, to you, under God, I owe my salvation."

That was a happy meeting. Edward Lee had been a wanderer in many climes, and had many interesting adventures to relate, many inquiries to make about old acquaintances, and it was dark before Mrs. Henderson tho't of the tea. Minnie had been more thoughtful, however, and a nice farmers' repast was spread before the weary traveler by the hands of his lovely niece. Mrs. Henderson had communicated all the news of the village to him, and had observed a start and glow of interest upon his face when she spoke of Lillie West, as yet faithful to her early vow. Mr. Henderson and Edward came from their daily toil, and gave the long absent one a hearty welcome; but when they repaired to the parlor to enjoy a chat with him, he was not to be found. He had strayed off through the loved haunts of his youth; and the silent moon looked in through the vine-wreathed window of Lillie West's cottage that night, and witnessed a re-union of happy hearts. There was a long confession, a renewal of vows, and the old glow came back to Lillie's pale cheek, and she felt repaid for her years of vigil, her patience, and her faith.

A few weeks after, there was a quiet wedding, and the villagers declared that there never was a nobler bridegroom, or a lovelier bride. Edward Lee had returned a millionaire; but he had learned to prize the true riches above silver and gold; and having scattered his wealth among those less fortunate than himself, he retired to the cozy little cottage home, where he and Lillie have spent so many happy hours, and there, he offers up his morning and evening oblations, at his own family altar. His nephew, Edward Lee, has given up all thoughts of roving, and is doing a thriving business, aided by his uncle's purse and advice; and people do say that Fanny West is getting ready to be married; some say there will be a double wedding, and wonder what Mrs. Henderson will do without Minnie. But the good old lady smiles, and smoothes her checked apron over her ample lap, as she says, "I have a promise from Mr. Melville, that he will not take her far off—I must have all my dear ones near me."

"Yes, yes!" says Mr. Henderson, "Minnie shall have the old farm—Uncle Eddy will take care of Ned."

Grave of a Stranger.

The grave of a stranger is holy ground. It is not so because his hopes are gone—that friends who doated on him are disconsolate—or because a female bends over the coffin and watches the earth thrown upon it. No, this is not the reason; it would be difficult to explain why it is so. To witness the slow procession—a widow among strangers, laying her earthly hopes in a place remote from friends—the morning kindness of neighbors, and to hear the condolence of pity—the blessing of an aged and venerable clergyman, asking the assistance and support of divine power; all these occurrences and scenes cannot but produce a solemn impression.

And there may be friends at a distance wishing and hoping for happy tidings in relation to his health. The anxiety which is occasioned by sickness, cannot be confined by space. It is in the air; it looks on the stars, wishing them to tell what they know; it asks of the moon, is our friend better? All this is easily conceived. But can the stars publish the truth? If the moon could transmit news, how many hearts would beat when it rises, and how many spirits sink ere it goes down.

A tall woman was recently mobbed in the streets of Lowell, Massachusetts, because she wore an old-fashioned bonnet. The police had to interfere to protect her, and, conveying her home, the rabble, to the number of five hundred, surrounded her house and tried to break in, and were dispersed only after sundry of them had been repulsed upon the head and kicked upon the shins. Sober Massachusetts!

WASHINGTON'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

FROM TRYING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with all that we have just cited and with his apparent unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well regulated mind and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness, we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere school-boy and treated him as such; or his own shyness might have been in his way, and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please. Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage. "I used often to wish that he would talk more."

Whatever may have been the reason, this early attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him. It clung to him after he took a final leave of school in the autumn of 1747, and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and his practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament, the waste pages of his journal betray several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are mere common place rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart wounded by Cupid's dart," and bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his griefs and woes.

The tenor of some of his verses induces us to believe that he never told his love; but as we have already surmised, was prevented by his bashfulness.

"Ah, woe is me, that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished, and never dare reveal."

It is difficult to reconcile one's self to the idea of the cool and sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a hose worn lover in his youthful days, sighing like a furnace and inditing plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however, of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his steady decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh, throbbing with warm impulse of human nature.

The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age he no longer seemed a boy; nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic and manly for his years, his early self training and the code of conduct he had devised gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy of which he speaks may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. The charms of Miss Cary the sister of the bride, seem to have caused a slight fluttering in his bosom; which, however, was constantly rebuked by the remembrance of his former passion—so at least we judge from letters to his youthful confidants, rough drafts of which are still to be seen in his tell tale journal.

To one whom he addresses as his dear friend Robin, he writes, "My residence is at present at the Lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister), but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion." &c.

Similar avowals he makes to another of his young correspondents, whom he styles "Dear friend John" as also a female confidant, styled "Dear Sally," to whom he acknowledges that the company of the very agreeable young lady, sister-in-law of Colonel George Fairfax, in a great measure cheers his sorrow and dejectedness. The object of his early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the lowland beauty was a Miss Grimes of Westmoreland, afterwards Mrs. Lee, and the mother of General Henry Lee, as Light Horse Harry, and was always a favorite with Washington, probably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother.

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a staunch foxhunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived. The neighborhood abounded with sport; but fox hunting in Virginia required bold and skilful horsemanship. He found Washington

as bold as himself in the saddle, and as eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard riding old nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarked.

Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two sojourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and schoolmate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia house of Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and happy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Phillips, a rich landholder, whose manor house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robinson, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Phillips, sister to and co-heiress of Mrs. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth.

We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life, however, of constant activity and care, passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society—and left little mood or leisure for the indulgence of the tender sentiment, but rendered him more sensible in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circles of New York.

That he was open admirer of Miss Phillips is a historical fact; that he sought her hand, but was refused, is traditional, and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished pretence were all calculated to find favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief, he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version of the story is that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege of the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender.

Washington was now ordered by Sir John St. Clair, the quartermaster general of the forces under Gen. Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, and lay the state of the case before the council. He set off promptly on horseback, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served the late general Braddock. Improved an eventful journey, though not in military point of view. In crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, a branch of the York river, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne, who lived in the neighborhood, and who in the spirit of Virginia hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with difficulty that Washington could be prevailed on to halt for dinner, so impatient was he to arrive at Williamsburg and accomplish his mission.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, a daughter of Mr. John Danbridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband, John Park Custis had been dead about three years, leaving her with two young children and a large fortune. She is represented as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners, so captivating in southern women.

We are not informed whether Washington had met her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that with all this gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect upon him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier life. At any rate his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days was earlier than at present, seemed all too short. Afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he received on halting; the horses pawed at the door, but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurred for Williamsburg. Happily the White House, the residence of Mr. Custis, was in Kent county, so that he had opportunity of visiting her in the intervals of business.

His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Phillips at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renowa so ennobling in the eyes of woman. In a word, before they separated they mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.

While at Chillicothe the other day, we heard it rumored, that there were two cases of Cholera in that place. Standard.

It is nothing but rumor. Chillicothe never was more healthy than at the present time.—Advertiser